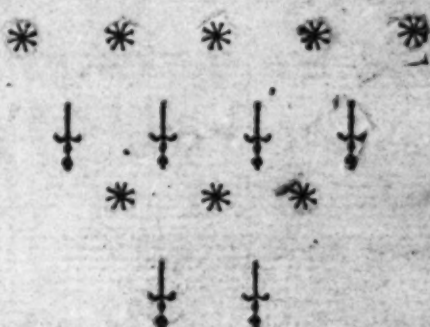


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CARTHAGE

REVENG'D.



LONDON:

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REVEN G'D.

REVENG'D.

NOW had Imperial *Rome* confirm'd her Sway,
And at her Feet her Rival *Carthage* lay :
She whose Proud Fleets on *Tbule's* Shore
[were seen,
And o're the Liquid Waste proclaim'd
[her Queen :

No Limits but the Globe's her Empire knew,
And far her Fame as Winds could waft it flew.
With Conquest and with Gold her Navies fraught,
To her Glad Port the Double Treasure brought :

And while for Wealth her Merchants plow the
[Main,
Where They their Commerce, She extends her
[Reign.

Long e're the Foster-Wolf her Foundlings fed,
E're *Latium* did the Twin-Invaders dread ;
E're Rapes were Glorious, and the Prize of Fame
To Robbers fell, or *Rome* had yet a Name,
Was *Carthage* Great, as once her Parent *Tyre*,
Who fell by *Ammon's* Sword and *Ammon's* Fire.
But lo alas ! with Earth She levell'd lies ;
No more again to rule, no more to rise :
A Tott'ring Diadem her Temples wounds,
And a Sad Troop the Ruin'd Fair surrounds ;
To Whom with Bleeding Heart, and Streaming
[Eyes
She thus exclaims, and thus ubraids the Skies.

Are these, My Sons, the Fruits of all your
[Toils
Of *Hannibal's* Renown, and *Hanno's* Wiles ?



Have

Have I for This the Jealous World alarm'd ;
 And Kings and Mighty States against Me arm'd ?
 For This have I despis'd the Arts of Peace ;
 And in my Age renounc'd the Charms of Ease ?
 Must I to *Rome's* Resistless Fortune yield ;
 And lose as well my Freedom as the Field ?
 Where are my Dreadful Fleets, my Conq'ring Hosts
 That spread the *Punick* Plains, and Crowded Coasts ?
 Where are my Senates, and my Captains now ?
 'Tis Fate----And I to *Rome's* base Yoke must bow.
 A Thousand Routs my Lengthen'd Reign disgrace,
 And the First Lustre of my Name deface.
 But what's the Pride, the Pomp of Fame to Me ;
 And what have I to wish, but to be Free ?
 The Chains, that Others fear'd from Me, are Mine ;
 No Country now has *Carthage*, and no Shrine.
 What's now her Portion but Despair, Ye Pow'rs !
Rome's Laws, *Rome's* Consuls, and *Rome's* Gods are our's.
 Just are the Gods, that I this Bondage feel ;
 To Me, what I to Others dealt, They deal.
 No Bounds to my Ambition set ; no Right
 Confin'd my Claim, whose Only Rule was Might.

What

What Cities now, what Nations are no more ;
 What People Slaves to pamper me with Pow'r ?
 Nor dreamt I once of this my Righteous Doom,
 But destin'd in my Soul these Bonds to *Rome*,
 Who justly will, what I assum'd, assume.

Immortal is her Name. No Discord dwells
 Within her Walls, nor blinds her with her Spells.
 She's One ; One Genius animates the Whole,
 And One must be the Pow'r that wou'd controul.
 Had such a Mighty Mind my Breast inspir'd,
 Had such a Gen'rous Flame my Leaders fir'd,
 This Ruin had been *Rome's*, This Waste of War ;
 Nor *Romans* ever gaz'd on *Scipio's* Car :

No *Punick* Spoils had in their Temples hung,
 Nor *Latian* Bards the Victor's Triumphs sung.
 O Faction, what art Thou ! What Mortal Force
 Can quell thy Fury, and impede thy Course ?

Our *Tyrian* Deities in vain invoc'd,
 In vain with Holy Fires our Temples smok't ;
 Nor Heav'n nor Hell wou'd hear. Revenge my Fall
 Ye Furies ! And thou Discord own my Call :
 On *Rome* return my Wrongs. She said ; and tore
 The Purple Robe that in her Pride She wore :

She

She gave a Loose to Grief ; With Racking Pains
 She wrung her Shackled Hands, and shook her Chains.

Too late the *Panick* Crowd their Madness know ;
 And Full is their Despair, and Full their Woe.

Forbid the Fatal Choice, to fight, or fly ;
 By their own Hands with juster Rage They dye.

While in her Royal Breast the Furies reign,
 Revenge, Despair, Black Envy, and Disdain :
 Thus rack'd, despoil'd, abandon'd and alone,
 Stupid She lies on her Demolish'd Throne.

And now the foulest Fiend of Hell's Divan
 To feel Remorse, the first She felt, began :
 Her Spiral Snakes in Suppliant Form deprest,
 To the Dire King She thus her Pray'r address.

Oh Thou ! for Whom with more than Hellish Rage
 Perpetual War with Hated Man I wage ;

For

For whom e'en now I meditate new Toils,
 To vex the Continent, and tear the Isles.
 Enough has *Carthage* by my Labours born,
 Nor lower wou'dst thou have her fall than Scorn.
 Let *Morpheus* the Rude Storm awhile appease,
 And sooth her Tortur'd Soul with Mimick Ease.

The Tyrant nodded ; and the Drowsy God
 To *Carthage* hies, and waves his Leaden Rod.
 The Furies cease to Lash, the Foe to Spoil,
 And Babes unhurt in Bloody Cradles Smile :
 Ev'n Faction sleeps, and *Cinna's* Lab'ring Breast
 Suspends its Malice, and Submits to Rest.
 The Fiend shook off her Hideous Shape, and took
 A Priest's Dissembled Form and Reverend Look :
 Fond of the Fraud, She stood before the Queen,
 And ap'd with Happy Art his Holy Mien :
 Familiar to the Curst Deceit ; For best
 She works her Will, when She inspires the Priest.
 The Leer She knew, and practis'd in the Trade,
 She lifts to Heav'n her Eyes, and Sighing said :

Patient

Patient We shon'd, what Fate decrees, endure,
 And not contend with Ills that have no Cure.
 Fancy, which gives these Terrors to your Chains,
 still magnifies our Pleasures and our Pains.
 Our Hopes, Our Fears, are in Fruition less;
 The Mind is thus deceiv'd, till We possess.
 What are the Boasted Sweets of Boundless Sway?
 And who, without the Proof of both, can say
 'Tis best, or to Command, or to Obey?
 We mount the Hill with Pain, with Ease descend;
 A Gentle Mistress softens to a Friend,
 And Comforts ev'n a Captive State attend.
 Scarce is the Pomp of Empire worth the Cares;
 A Scene of Factious Peace, or Doubtful Wars:
 The Rein to Others be content to give,
 And sleep within the Chariot Others drive.
 The Gods have heard thy Suit; and Thou shalt see
 Thy Foe so wretched he shall envy Thee.

B

Ungrate-

Ungrateful *Rome* shall *Scipio's* Fame forget,
 Leave him to Languish in a Dull Retreat,
 And in Himself he shall be only Great.

On Him thy Rival shall revenge thy Fears,
 And Injur'd *Scipio* hate the Wreaths he wears.
 To Me 'tis thus reveal'd.—The Queen revolves
 Her Saying in her Soul, and She to Air dissolves.
 The Fiend confess'd ; She seeks her Sister Night,
 And in her Sable Car pursues her Flight :
 Her Way to *Latium* swift as Thought She takes,
 And strait to *Cinna's* Couch, no Stranger, makes.

A Lamp's blue Light his Horrid Room describes,
 Of Airy Projects full, and Rich in Bribes :
 His Imps dismiss, to Lust and Wine retire,
 Feed ev'ry wanton Wish and foul Desire.
 For *Cinna's* Friends, unus'd to Publick Cares,
 Hung on his Fate, and what was his was theirs.

Whom most of These he favour'd was a Bard,
 His Vices He with him, his Honours shar'd :

Vain,

Vain, Proud, Revengeful, Prodigal and Pert,
 Well-born, and wanting Nothing but Desert.
 A Wit, a Fop, in Humour and Conceit ;
 Least fit for what he most affects, the State.
 No Means to gain his Ends he thinks too base ;
 He fears no Fall, and starts at no Disgrace.
 Vers'd in Invective of the vilest Kind,
 The Wise to puzzle, and the Weak to blind :
 Bashful in Action, but in Council Brave ;
 A Tyrant, as it serves his Turn, or Slave,
 The Virtues of his Fathers he disowns,
 And leaves a Race dishonour'd to his Sons.
 Of the Long Records of his Sires there's none
 Has an Ill Act that might be his, but One.
 Him last the Quæstor leaves, him first admits,
 And Brooding o're his Daring Councils sits ;
 His Envy'd Rod unheeded by his Side,
 Scrolls of Lewd Papers its Ill Use supply'd.
 The False Informer there, the Faithless Spy,
 Bring their Bad Wares ; for *Cinna's* sure to buy.
 This Pile Proscriptions for his Foes designs ;
 Resumptions that, and Arbitrary Fines :

Prisons and Exiles are for These decreed ;
 And dearly Life is bought, or else they bleed :
 To Axes Those are doom'd, and These to Rods ;
 His Goblet's here and there, his Household-Gods.
Cinna, like *Janus*, wears a Double Face ;
 One frowns with Guilt, the other smiles with Grace.
 Dark is his Soul, and gloomy as his Deeds,
 Fair when he fails, and Fierce when he succeeds.
 His working Head, at War with Worth, denies
 Rest to his Limbs, and Slumber to his Eyes :
 Till tir'd with Thought, and with the frequent Bowl,
 He sitting nods, and Sleep compels his Soul.
 With Malice drunk, and Wines Pernicious Steams,
 He snores, and of unfinish'd Mischief dreams.

Thus Discord finds him, and to Form condens'd
 Her Poyson She in Flatt'ring Phrase dispens'd :
 The Softer Sex She chose, and Soothing Mien,
 Not so disguiz'd, but still the Fiend was seen ;
 Teeming She look'd ; Her Dull Complexion Dun,
 Red with Debauch, and Bloated like his own.

Rude as her Birth, and shocking was her Air,
 The Scorn and Scandal of the *Roman* Fair :
 A Frightful Figure ; but her Fraudful Mind
 Was more deform'd, and more disgrac'd her Kind.
 And yet to his, such Semblance had her Soul,
 Beauty to Her in *Cinna's* Thought was foul.
 The Fury knew what Image pleas'd him best,
 And smiling, thus her Venom'd Speech addrest.

Where's all your Boasted Craft, while *Scipio* stands
 The First in *Rome*, and heads the *Roman* Bands ?
 When will You to exert Your Self begin ?
 How long be Deaf to Fame's Incessant Din ?
Scipio's the only Hated Name We hear :
 Him need we only, and his Merit fear.
 What, still must We be plagu'd with his Renown ?
 There's Nothing left to give him, but a Crown.
 This to the People shou'd be preach'd ; 'twill raise
 The Rabble's Spleen, and sink the Victor's Praise.
 Not that they dread the Pow'r, or loath the Thing ;
 But Heav'n, They say, can only Make a King.

What

What tho' his Humbler Mind all Greatness flies ?

Truth's but a Sordid Virtue with the Wife ;

And better is Our Bus'ness done by Lies.

A Dextrous Wit will make his Glory Guilt.

What Seas of Blood has He for Conquest spilt ?

What Ravage on the Foe ? —And then be sure

To Load Him hard, and make his Hands impure.

The Fury saw the Flame had seiz'd his Blood,

And thus in Higher Tone her Spite pursu'd.

Think, if thy Soul can bear the Thought, how
[far

He March'd our *Roman* Hosts , and stretch'd the
[War

To *Europe's* Limits ; How our Legions Led,

Their Leaders Glory, with their Triumphs spread,

Think of *Iberia*, by his Valour sav'd ;

Of Captains bound, who all our Consuls brav'd.

Think of Poor *Carthage's* Eternal Chains,

And that our *Rome* by *Scipio* only reigns :

What then art Thou, Inglorious and Obscure ?

Canst Thou Thy Self and his High Worth endure ?

Sum-

Summon the Factious Tribunes to thy Aid,
 Who best can please the Crowd, and best persuade.
 Let 'em at *Scipio's* Just Rewards exclaim,
 Lessen his Conquests, and insult his Fame ;
 The Populace with Dreadful Prospects scare,
 And Curse the Conqu'rors that delight in War.
 Of Wretched *Carthage* let 'em speak with Tears,
 To move their Pity now, as once their Fears.
 And when in his Applause their Clamours cease,
 Then Charm 'em with the Grateful Sound of
 [Peace.

Of Silver-Mountains tell in Distant Climes,
 Of Mines of Gold, and new *Saturnian* Times.
 On Temples built, and Pious Laws enlarge,
 And with what Faith Thou dost thy Trust dis-
 [charge.

With Odious Names revile the Good and Great ;
 Let *Fabius* be a Fool, and *Atticus* a Cheat ;
 A Letcher *Cato*, *Clodius* a Divine,
Brutus a Brave, a Patriot *Cataline*.
 Confound the Notices of Good and Ill,
 And with my Fires the Kindling Empire fill.

She

She said—and flies with Night before the Dawn :
 Now Saints to pray, and Sots begin to yawn,
 The Plodding Statesman quits his Restless Down,
 The *Forum* fills, and Bus'ness wakes the Town.
 The Doubtful Dun the Wastful Peer attends,
 And *Cinna's* Gate admits the Quæstor's Friends :
 A Fickle Crowd ; which e're the Golden Sun
 His Rapid Course has thro' the Zodiack run,
 Shall lose to his Neglected Door the Way,
 And at New Shrines their Venal Worship pay.
 For not to Him they bend, but Fortune's Pow'r ;
 Him They despise, while They the Rod adore.
 Full of the Fiend, th' Assembl'd Tribes he seeks,
 And Silence thus, with Wise Confusion, breaks.

Are you not weary, *Romans*, of your Toils ?
 For what are You so fond of Foreign Broils ?
 Conquest, we must allow's a Sounding Name ;
 But can you, when you're beggar'd, live on Fame ?

Whose

In his Fair Speech implicitly They trust,
Think what He says, because He says it, Just ;
Give all their Glory up in *Scipio's* Fall,
And for New Consuls and New Councils call.
New Councils They pursue, New Consuls chuse;
Their Senses first, and then their Freedom lose.
A *Cæsar* shall arise from *Cinna's* Grave,
And *Carthage* be no more than *Rome* a Slave.



F I N I S.